PLEASVRES VISION:

WITH DESERTS COMPLAINT,

AND

A SHORT DIALOGVE of a Womans Properties, betweene an old Man and a Young.

BY

ARTHVR NEWMAN of the *Middle Temple* Gent:

LONDON,
Printed by *G. E.* for *Thomas Bayly*, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Middle-row in Holbourne neere Staple Inne.
1619.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL, AND truely Worthy, Sir *George Newman Knight.*

I Haue aduentured this meane worke to your learned Cenſure, onely with a longing deſire to make my loue to you legible: and I was the more incouraged, in that I knew you would read with Patience; for I aſſure my ſelfe you will forget no Vertue. Yet ſince I expect for but a bewraying witneſſe of mine idle houres, ſo great a priuiledge as your graue Patronage, I muſt acknowledge my ſelfe guilty of inex-

cuſable preſumption, that ſo the confeſſion of my fault may plead for ſome fauour, although not altogether for pardon. I can ſay little for my ſelfe but this, that if I haue here done amiſſe, I promiſe all my endeuours for amendment hereafter. In the meane time I wiſh I had done better, and more for your ſake, then myne owne. For I honour your worth, and account it a happineſſe to preſerue your Loue.

Vnfainedly yours,

ARTHVR NEVVMAN.

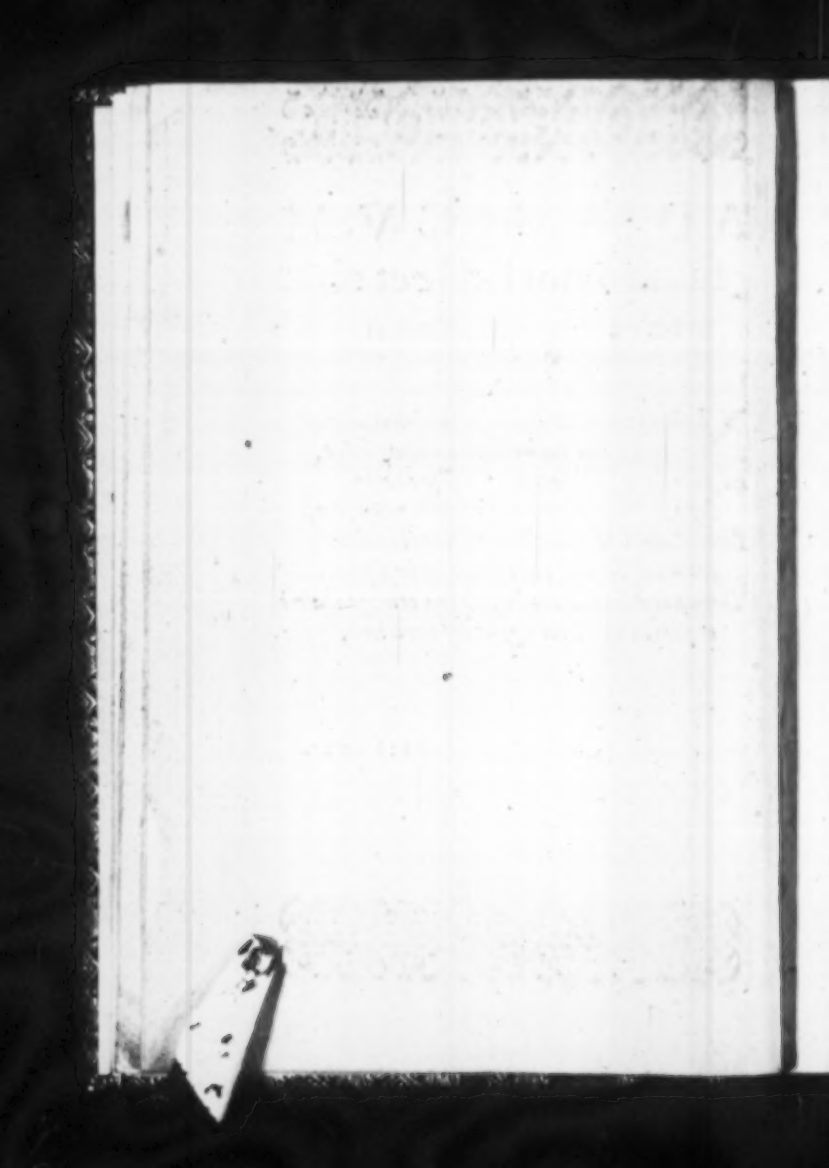
AD AMICVM

suum omni laude et obseruantia dignissimum

AR: NEWMAN.

NOui te tenerum, noui iuuenilibus annis
cùm vox iucundi plena leporis erat,
Et dixi de te mihi semper, Apolline certe
dignus eris: nec mens hæc mihi vana fuit,
Ecce Caballino sitis est nunc fonte lenata:
pocula Castalijs nunc saturantur aquis,
Digna trophæa feres, cingent tua tempora lauri
at patria est meritis grata futura tuis.

PE: LOWER.



PLEASVRES VISION.

VVHen, in the Confines of the silent Night
Refreshing *Sleep* seisd on each wearied wight
And did, with gentle Slumbers, and soft Ease,
The raging Motions of sad Care appease;
Husht were the moanes of hapless wights oppresst:
And harmeless thoughts were lull'd in pleasant Rest:
Now, bad, vnquiet, and pernitious minds
Surceasd to plot their dangerous Designes:
Now, stull'd was Strife, and troublesome Debate,
And pining Envy, now forgot to hate:
And darknesse raign'd, that harmeles Sleepe might be
Hid from the Troubles which the Light doth see:
And, in the Bed whereon my selfe was laid,
There, drouzie Slumbers, for their Lodging staid:
But me of Rest, deluding *Morpheus* reav'd;
And, in a Dreame my Senses so deceav'd
That, as awak't, I saw, or seem'd to see:
A perfect Man, or Gallant, one was he:
But by the strangenes of his outward show
He seem'd the last, and he was doubtles so.

Light

Pleaſures Viſion.

Light was his cariage, and his Gate affected,
Gay his attire, and manly Shape neglected:
For like a nice Dame that doth Pride affect,
He with vnmanlike Curiouſneſſe was deck:
In Nations of diſguiſes he was clad,
And euery Limbe a ſeuerall faſhion had:
And euer on himſelfe he fondly gas'd,
As, with the ſtrangeneſſe of himſelfe amas'd:
And on himſelfe enamoured was he,
As commonly Fantaſtiques vſe to be.
His vnpremeditated words, like wind
Were light, and bluſtring, and bewraid his minde:
Vnconſtant, and ſtill wandring were his lookes,
And, in his face, as in laſcinous bookes
Whole Stories you of lightneſſe might haue read;
For there, it wantonly inhabited,
Yet he, of Natures beſt guifts, plenty had:
And pitty 'twas they were beſtow'd ſo bad,
For thoſe faire Eyes which lewdnes ſo proclaim'd,
Nature at firſt for ornament ordain'd:
For ſhe had done her part, and ſet him forth,
With liuely Shape, and outward ſignes of worth,
And Hope at firſt ſaid, this faire ſeeming Inne
Had no ill gueſts that harboured within.

His

Pleaſures Viſion.

His lightnes was not Natures fault, ô no,
It was his mind that thoſe parts iniur'd ſo:
Then Nature, ſince thy bounty wrong'd hath beene,
In ſuch againe let it no more be ſeene.
His youthfull yeares did flowriſh in their prime;
And luſty health, chear'd vp his lookes: and Time
On his vntamed will did ſeeme t'attend,
As though to him a Seruant, and a friend.
Swift Time, that it might be by him well vs'd,
Oft ſhew'd, that where it idly was abus'd,
There it muſt vaniſh, and ne're come againe,
But oft be call'd, and cride for backe, in vaine:
And Fortune looking on him, ſmooth'd her Brow,
And plai'd the Prodigall that he might know
She hath no bounds to limit her great power,
But where ſhe ſmiles, ſhe cloies; yet if ſhe lower,
Then, acts a Miſery beyond beliefe:
And as ſhe fills with ioy, ſo kills with griefe.
Then Beauties deckt with Nature, and with Art,
Did all their ſweets to his deſires impart,
They freely opened to compleate his pleaſure,
Their all-alluring, and commanding treaſure.
Some had ſuch tempting lookes, and Angell-features
That, but I ſaw their frailty, heauenly Creatures

I them had deem'd: they power had to allure
(Without great prouidence) holy, and pure.
And ſure there is no man (as I beleiue)
That can behold ſuch erre but he muſt grieue.
Others there were, and of an other kind
Which alſo fancied his luſtfull mind.
Some meanely faire, ſome foule, others their feature
With Art did helpe, in ſpight, and ſcorne of Nature.
With thoſe he wanton'd for variety;
(For all, inſatiable Luſt muſt try.)
Thus ſlept he in this Dreame of falſe delight,
Still acting ſhamefull deeds, of ſhameles Night;
And waſting Plenty, as with Spoyle compounded
In lauiſhing, and all Exceſſe abounded:
Banquets were Surfeits, and were nere without
Healths of abuſed Wine ſtill quaſt about.
He in the ſpoyle of honeſt thrift did flow;
And none (alas) ſaid, this ſhould not be ſo.
His Eares were ſtopt when was blam'd by Fame,
And ſome to adde more fuell to his flame
Falſly proteſted, pitty 'twas that he
Might not ſome King, or mighty Monarch be:
And to ſuch height his bounty did aduance,
" That he to his owne muſicke ſeem'd to dance.

None

None there diſtinguiſht Liberality
From all-conſuming Prodigality:
For pledges of their loue, they ſmooth words pawn'd,
And iuſt like dirty dogges vpon him fawn'd,
That leaue no loue ſigne but offenſiue Mire.
Others there were, to humor his deſire,
That ſtill with new-found Sports his fancy fed,
And him from pleaſure vnto pleaſure led,
They had the Art, and onely trickes to ſtray
With all deuiſes tending to decay.
And, what he lik'e, or loathed, none gainſaid,
But good, or bad, his will was ſtill obaid,
Baſe ſeruile minds euen ouerhumor'd him,
Whilſt he in Seas of fleeting ioyes did ſwim.
The vncontrolled life he did commend,
And deareſt deem'd his humor-feeding friend:
And ſtill, Vice-puniſhing Authority,
He, (outlaw-like) would ſlight; and brauing try
Deſperate Exploits; to ſhew he nought did feare,
Nor yet his humor could, or would forbeare.
And ſuch as he was, were his company,
That ready alwaies were for Villany.
No care, or griefe did harbour neare his heart,
No croſſe did from his Iollity him part.

No want of Pleaſure, Liberty, or Eaſe
Did his contentments any way diſpleaſe;
For, all delights which might each Senſe content,
By Vanity her ſelfe to him were lent.
But ah, extreames can ne're indure, and Meate
That is moſt ſweet with ſowreſt Sauce we eate:
For, in a moment all this vaniſhed,
And he himſelfe ſtood ſtrangely altered:
For, whereas once he ſeem'd a blooming Spring,
O're-filld with plenty of each pleaſing thing:
Now feeble Age, and now diſdained want,
Seem'd in his lookes their dwelling ſeates to plant.
His Eies waxt hollow, lookes leane, cold his heates,
And care had folded vp his browes in pleates,
He rent his haire, his face hee bath'd in teares,
For pretious Time miſpent in youthfull yeares:
And, as chiefe Cauſes of his miſery,
On pleaſures paſt exclaimed bitterly:
For calling them to mind, he ten times more
Did execrate his Fortune, then before.
Many paſt by, and laught his woes to ſcorne:
And ſome did pitty, ſeeing him ſo forlorne.
Yet, former friends, but like his ſhaddow were
That follow'd him in Sun-thine euery where;

But,

But, when a Storme of Trouble commeth on,
They soone fall off; and like to shades are gone:
Yea, each thing else, that he esteemed deare,
But to augment his anguish did appeare.
And, all the flatt'ring Hopes he erst possest,
Forsooke him quite, and he was quite distrest.
These alterations, seem'd to me so strange,
That I inquir'd the Cause of all this change.
Whereat his heavy Eies on me he bent,
Through streames of Teares, made thick with languish-
And, bid me lend his words attentive eare, (ment,
That in my heart I might them better beare.
I silent was; when, loe, this ruthfull Man,
With Sighs, and Sobs, his speaches thus began.
In prime of lusty head, when youthfull Spleene,
Had ne're the wiles and guiles of Pleasure seene.
Nor dreampt, how pretious is swift winged Time,
Which, as it flees, our Fortunes fall, and climbe:
Nor yet, by others harmes once taking heed,
But wild delights did wandring Senses feed:
Then, my vaine will vntam'd, vntutored,
Left Reasons Rule, and roau'd as fancy led:
Like to a lost Sheepe, from his Shepheard straid,
Running to wracke without his Keepers aid.

I ne're my owne affections did controule,
For they commanded all within my Soule:
Nor I regarded future good, or ill,
Nor had of Pleaſure till my fall, my fill.
I did amiſſe; and now with griefe may ſay,
Onely for that, I threw my ſelfe away:
Yet blinded, no familiar dangers knew,
That waited on me; nor till I did rew,
Perceiu'd that woe on pleaſure did attend,
Which contraries, (too oft) in one doe end.
O! ſo my thoughts with pleaſures ſpells were charm'd,
That they ore came me 'gainſt their force vnarm'd:
For which, nought but Repentance yeelds reliefe,
And yet (alas) that adds but griefe to griefe:
Yet griefe for graceleſneſſe doth much relieue,
Becauſe we ought for graceleſneſſe to grieue.
Friends I obai'd not, therefore they me leaue,
Pleaſure I follow'd, that did me deceaue:
Fortune, and Time once gently on me ſmil'd,
I then miſtaking both, my ſelfe beguild,
For Time miſpent, and Fortune did neglect,
Therefore with cauſe they doe me now reiect.
I made the meanes, (for my good onely) lent,
By lauiſhing, of woe the Inſtrument.

And

And then braue Prodigall Vice ſtil'd my name,
Now therefore, Ruine, and the Map of ſhame:
And wherein I my ſelfe thought moſt ſecure,
I'me therein for myne Error moſt vnſure.
If man himſelfe can promiſe ought, 'tis this,
That what he aimes at moſt, he moſt ſhall miſſe,
For worldly certainty is but a thought,
And ſo it vaniſheth, and turnes to nought.
O! of all Creatures breathing vitall Aire,
Man, of his wauering fate may moſt deſpaire:
For, there's no danger, miſery, nor Care,
But therein deſtin'd is to him a ſhare.
And his beſt earthly bliſſe no longer laſts,
Then Vapors doe, in whirling windy blaſts:
If rich, or poore, a Begger, or a King,
His Roſe hath prickes, his honey hath a Sting:
His comick-mirth is mixt with tragicke woes,
And Ebbs inſue when moſt he ouerfloes:
He like the Moone may not at full remaine,
But (like her) changing ſtill, muſt wax, and waine;
He, onely he, is nought but fortunes ſport,
The ſpoyle of Time, and place where Cares reſort,
The plant that 'midſt great heate, and moiſture grow'th,
Now greene, now parcht, now at a ſtay, 'twixt both.

The very wheele which Fortune turneth ſtill
Is Man; for him ſhe turnes which way ſhe will:
He ſeemes of Change a Character, or Map;
Or what is ſtill moſt ſubiect to miſhap.
Or like a Ship, whoſe Pilot wanting skill,
(Though far from Rockes) in doubt, and danger ſtill:
For here, and there, the Fortunes of Man-kind,
Are blowne, and toſt like Ships in ſtorming wind:
What's paſt, and preſent is the moſt that can
By all allowed Art be knowne by Man:
But, what inſuing Fate may, or will be,
Till paſt preuention he can neuer ſee;
Nor yet know when, or where good hap, or ill
May raiſe, or caſt him to the Dale, or Hill.
He can but gueſſe at moſt, and who doth ſo,
He nothing truly, but by gueſſe ſhall know:
For what of him the Deſtinies decree,
Becauſe hee's Man, vnknowne muſt euer be.
Then let not him preſume that's fortunate,
Since ſtill vncertaine is his doubtfull ſtate,
Since Pleaſures Syrens are, that Ruine ſing;
Since Fortunes great doe great misfortunes bring,
Since there's no Earthly welfare or delight,
That with the Morne doth riſe, but ſets ere Night.

And

And why through dangers, reſtles cares, and paine,
Should man attempt fraile honors to obtaine?
When got, his puft-vp thoughts ſo vainely range,
That, what they are, and ô! how ſoone they change,
He cannot thinke: for with a thought they vary,
So, hopes to hold thoſe haps which cannot tarry.
And who ſees not, that to none other end
Fortune doth oft to Man her fauours lend,
But, on poore him her Tiranny to try,
And laugh to ſee him for her liue, and dye.
For, when in greateſt height of beſt delight,
In thought ſecure, in honors ſhining bright;
When rockt, and lul'd in Pleaſures charming lap,
Scorning to thinke that ought can breed miſhap,
Fortune, to ſhew her euer-changing power,
Turnes in a Moment, all his ſweet to ſower,
And from thoſe deſtin'd Ills, ô how ſhall he
Poore ſeruile bondman manumiſed be?
To whom ſhall he appeale? or who hath power?
I'ſt angry Heauen? Fates? Starres? or ſome thing lower?
Yea, 'tis himſelfe; for he was fram'd by *Ioue*,
To be all other Creatures far aboue,
Next to his euer-great all-ſeeing Maker,
Of wiſdome, and ſafe prouidence partaker.

But he as subiect to his straying will,
Embracing that for good, which tride is ill,
And weighing not how fraile a thing is man,
Nor yet foreseeing what Chance hourely can,
Forgets himselfe, and without meane, or measure,
Wakes to wast Time, yet dreames on nought but plea-
And, with his faults so partially doth beare, (sure,
That vntill ruin'd, cannot Ruine feare.
He dreads no fire vntill he feele it burne,
Till whipt with his owne Rods doth neuer turne,
Then his misdeeds, and then his Time mispent,
With too late penitence he doth lament.
Thus vnaduised Negligence doth bring
Him to be Sorrowes helples vnderling.
Thus to himselfe he proues a traiterous foe,
And Viper-like is Mother of his woe:
For, in his breast lies many a thought, and deed,
That comming forth, doe his destruction breed;
And man, as fearing he should scanted be
Of his forbid desires, so eagerly
Doth all their mortall baites ingurgitate,
As he therewith should ne're be satiate.
So being once to runne amisse inclin'd,
His faults he sees not, selfe-will makes him blind,

And

And leades him headlong vnto curſed ends,
Ere he can thinke what danger him attends:
And now, youth's heedleſſe and vnbridled rage,
And euen ſome of greene and tender Age.
Vnſeemingly can vaunt how they will drinke,
Quaffe, and carouſe; and thoſe themſelues doe linke
With men debauth'd, vile, lauish, and prophane,
Which worke their owne, and their Aſſociates bane:
Which, like diſeaſes, doe Society
Corrupt with their infectious Company:
Which daily on the vtter Ruine feed
Of raſh youth, which haue neither head nor heed:
And thoſe things which for Comforts we ſhould vſe,
Like wretches, they vnthankefully abuſe,
For ſhame, for pitty, for your ſelues forbeare,
And youngſters fly their haunts; the Plague is there.
Their harmes, are by Examples ſtill reueal'd,
For *Ioue* we ſee permits them not conceal'd:
That we may notice take, and ſafely ſhun,
The dangers which ſo many haue vndone.
But now our Corne is ouer growne with weed,
And men euen ſtriue who may in vice exceed.
The trueſt badge of a true Gallants will,
Is to be daring in attempting Ill.

They

They must not seeme their Vanities to hide,
But mount the Pitch where most they may be spide:
For they are growne to such a monstrous height,
In ill they euen glory to delight.
They with braue outward shews much baseneſſe hide,
And fly aloft with wings of towring pride:
They rage; and quench with blood hot Angers fires,
And coole with Sin their heate of lewd desires,
Of lewd desires, begot of Fancies foule,
That ruine health, and wealth, and wit, and Soule.
Infections to themselues; Sinnes very lees,
And poysoned sweetes, stolne from forbidden Trees,
The fearefull acts of blacke and shameleſſe Night,
Honey for Drones, for Diuells the delight,
And we (too true) doe by Experience see,
That great and small by them still ruin'd be.
It is not power, or golden Vanity,
Still blinding Time, or maskt Hypocrisie,
Or making Iustice from her limits stray
Can salue these crimes, or wash their spots away.
'Twere Sin to thinke so, for the end it tries,
When the rewards of Vice are miseries,
For come (and none how soone know) must the time,
When knowne, and punish't shall be euery Crime.

And

And those sweet Sins which did the Sense delight,
Shall then their Fosterers with woes requite.
The fruit that we by Pleasures past shall gaine,
Will be soone fleeting ioyes, for lasting paine:
O! all that we shall gaine, will be but this,
A sad remembrance, that we did amisse,
For tell you Gallants, charm'd with vanity,
And hapless wretches with the memory
Torter'd of woe, and vengeance-crying sins;
What haue you got? the cheating Diuell wins,
And staking downe but counterfeited pleasure,
You to gaine that, doe lose the priceless treasure
Of all your grace, your liberty, and blisse,
And he gets by your wofull folly this.
Looke vnto your selues, for your owne sake,
For iust accompt you for your selues must make.
Recall your thoughts, each fond desire surucy,
And their fraile motions euer disobey:
Mispend not Time, and spoyle not flower of youth,
Beleeue not Pleasure, though her words seeme truth.
Direct your Steps into none other Tract.
But such as Vertue treads in shew, and act.
That way is safe, and neuer leads amisse,
But crownes your Iournies end with endles blisse.

There

There are no Traps, there none will you betray,
No Wolues on harmeles Lambes there dare to prey.
Your Guidreſſe here, whilſt you with her doe goe,
Warrants your ſafety 'gainſt your greateſt Foe:
And no deuice can make her falſe to thoſe,
Which confidence in her defence repoſe.
What ſhe doth gaine, whilſt you with her doe liue,
The profit freely ſhe to you will giue:
She will your Cauſe 'gainſt all the world maintaine
And neuer ſhame you: but you friends ſhall gaine
Of all good Men; and ſuch as run aſtray
Shall curſe the Time, they follow'd not your way,
And of your goodneſſe, to Poſterity,
When dead, you leaue ſhall happy memory.
Next doe not Parents wary Counſell ſlight,
Nor make not of true friends aduiſings light:
Faults which you ſee not, nor of them be told
By your Companions, they with griefe behold,
And oft what deere experience them hath bought,
You may both heare, and learne, and ſhun for nought.
And then, leaſt like a muddy poole that ſtandeth ſtill,
Filth ſeiſe your body, and corrupt your will,
In ſome good action euer buſied be,
So ne're corrupting Idleneſſe ſhall ſee

A banefull Oportunity, to draw
Your weakenes to infringe the ſacred Law
Of heauenly Vertue, whom the Gods muſt right,
Maugre all-horrid Hell's infernall might.
And be of Company moſt circumſpect,
That you may good imbrace, and bad reiect:
That with good liquor your new Veſſells may
At firſt be fill'd, that ſtill a taſt may ſtay,
Leſt that the Bud in comming forth be blaſted,
And ſo the fruit be all vntimely waſted.
Then your minds forces muſter, Sin to foile,
Proclaime Defiance, Peace with it is ſpoile:
If you want aid, and dare not breake the Truce,
Vertue will help to ruine Times abuſe:
And Vices flee, when Vertue doth appeare,
Like Thieues, that puniſhment of Iuſtice feare.
O, thinke on this; and know that if you fight
With Vice, by Vertue, till you kill it quite,
Celeſtiall Bliſſe your Victory ſhall crowne,
And trecherous Vice, with Ruine ſhall come downe.
For Time will all deſtroy that Time miſpend,
Then weigh your follies, and in time amend.
A Sigh here ſtopt the paſſage of his breath,
Whilſt in his lookes appeared meagre death:

And

And as an outward Signe of inward woe,
He smote his Brest, while Teares did ouerfloe,
Then seem'd his lookes, and lift-vp hands to say,
Take heed by me, so vanisht he away.
Whereat such passion did assaile my heart,
That I from Sleepe, amazed, vp did start.
But what this Dreame presag'd I could not guesse,
Or if I could, I cannot well expresse:
For various thoughts, had Arguments so many,
That I confounded, vnderstood not any.
Till, after, viewing Londons stately Streets,
Wherein the Streame of Vanity still fleets;
And swiftly runs away, as hauing beene
Ne're there at all; that more may still be seene.
Then, what I sleeping did but seeme to see,
There, there, I waking found too true to be.

FINIS.

DESERTS COMPLAINT.

LAte, wandring by a Valley ſide,
Where weeping Streames did ſadly glide,
Sith *Sol*'s bright Raies could not appeare,
The place, or ought therein to cheare,
I ſaw clad in a mourning Weed
A Man whoſe griefes, my griefe did breed.
For Deſart deſert there (alas)
Vpon his Brow ingrauen was,
And coldly on cold Earth he lay
Like ſome fra y'd picture of Decay.
Or like an ancient Monument,
Which was erected, to preuent
Th'obliuion of ſome noble fact:
Which, ſome dead Worthy once did act;
And being ruin'd, would inforce
All the ſpectators with remorce
To breath forth helples ſighes; and then
To rayle on Time, and check thoſe men
That let Decay to diſinherit
True Worth of what it had by Merit.

Thus

Thus did he lye, and like a Swan
Dying, to ease his hurt began
In sad laments to sing his woe,
And thus he sighing on did goe.
Where shall I runne? where shall I fly?
Where shall my plaints find remedy?
Where are mine ancient friends? and where
My followers that held me deare?
Where may my now-lost honors be?
Where is the Time that favour'd me?
And where? and how? and what am I
That in this wretched State here lye?
Of former joyes am I not reft?
And of the careles World quite left?
Are not my followers distrest,
Disdain'd, dispis'd, poore, and oppress?
Are not my chiefest friends all dead?
Are not mine honors from me fled?
And is not strangely Time disguis'd?
O yes, for by it Time despis'd.
I am an out-cast, and detected,
And see with griefe my Rites neglected:
And many doe vsurpe my place
Which me, themselues, and it deface,

And vnto ſuch, I plainely ſee,
The world doth giue what's due to me,
If men diſpiſe, and ſlight me ſo,
I cannot thinke where I may goe.
And what to doe, I know not, I,
Vnleſſe, I ceaſe to be, and dye.
I am not franticke, for I know
By ſad Experience of my woe,
My hapleſſe words are too too true,
Which they I feare too ſoone will rue,
If to the Country I retire,
There dull and earthly minds require
Houſes, and Acres, by which now
Deſert is meaſur'd, therefore how
Can I, whom Fate hath ſeem'd t'ordaine,
Thus Reputations want to plaine,
And all fraile outwards but to ſlight,
Of them craue fauour, much leſſe right?
Or my Complaints, and wrongs appeaſe,
Since dull-beſotting Error theſe
Doth ſo much blind, that they ſcarſe ſee
The odds betweene the Droane and Bee?
And yet, if good on Earth doe dwell
'Tis in a ſimple ruſtickes Cell.

But let me wander in the Citty,
O! both to her, and gentle pitty,
I am a ſtranger, and find none
To entertaine me; but alone
I through her babling ſtreets doe paſſe,
That cry, What lacke ye? when (alaſſe)
Though I what ſhe hath lacke, and ſhe
Be poore in what abounds in me,
And each might other gladly pleaſure,
For each doth want the others treaſure:
Yet ſhe, (as 'tis the vſe) affecting
Onely her ſelfe; and me reſpecting
But like vnto commodities
Not vendable; am of no price.
Thus her wiſe Ignorance doth ſlight me:
And ne're, I feare, will learne to right me.
And when the ſtately Court I view,
Whoſe glittring, and whoſe ſun-like hew
Dazles the Eyes of euery Wight
That wants a Princelike Eagles ſight;
There I lye clouded, and this brightneſſe
May not reflex on me it's lightneſſe.
I am obſcure, and was not taught
To ſooth, or by him to be laught,

That

That sees me striue to gaine esteeme,
And not to be what I would seeme.
I cannot brauing looke, and be
One, into whom could men but see,
They might all baseneſſe there behold,
Yet thoſe, then Impudence more bold,
Can looke, and vildely will assume
To them great matters; and presume,
When all their Fortunes doe depend
On others, and with others end.
Yet sometimes in the Court I liue,
But want, and therefore none will giue.
From hence, if to the Campe I goe,
There's nothing now for me to doe.
For rusty Peace, although it pleaſe,
And in the end muſt Warre appeaſe,
Yet ſo it iniures Armes and me,
That to my face, and griefe I ſee
The Campe's a Market place, or Faire,
Where all to buy and ſell, repaire.
Deſert gets nothing, not a friend
That might, as 'tis the faſhion, ſend
A letter of Commends to any,
That without me, preferreth many.

Thus all my friends, I feare will fly me,
Sith, now they get so little by me.
Yet since the Campe, Court, Countrey, Citty,
Will not my case, I theirs doe pitty.
O! I so poore, an I meane am deem'd,
With few I liue, of few esteem'd:
I had a Time, but now (alasse)
I can but boast that once I was.
O! once I was, now to my griefe,
I cannot be, I want relieue.
Yet once I ioyd a States-mans Seate,
And such men onely I, made great.
And ô how bright shin'd then their Fame,
Which, well agreed with place and name:
For then without Desert not any
Could rise; though now I feare too many.
When Fathers by my helpe had wonne,
Honor, and Fame: yet if the Sonne,
Did onely house, and name inherit,
And by Desert did nothing merit,
Those illegitimate were deem'd,
And for their greatnesse lesse esteem'd.
Twas not, (ô happy then) as now
When a vild Peasant for the Plow,

And

And nought elſe fit, yoakes thee Deſert,
And ſeruile makes which free borne wert.
For his blind earthy mind can ſee
No happineſſe more, then to be
Bleſt, (as he thinkes) with pretious gold,
For which he findes is bought and ſold
All honors, titles, all Earths bliſſes,
Which are the period of his wiſhes.
But for the high Contents of mind,
Their Heauen, his groſſeneſſe cannot finde:
Yet this is he whom moſt men hold
The wiſeſt man; a man worth gold.
This muſt Authority poſſeſſe,
That others faults he may redreſſe,
But knowes not how: and why ſhould he
Blind in his owne, anothers ſee?
Alaſſe he doth vſurp his place,
And all the Rites thereof deface:
But, ſith by me, men ſhould obtaine it,
If they without me might not gaine it,
Then reaſon would force ſome to proue me,
And prouing, all would better loue me.
Beſides, preferments would attend
On me that I might be the end,

Whereat Mens wronged thoughts might aime,
And so a world of faults reclaime.
For I ne're vndertooke that thing
That fail'd a blest reward to bring;
Though now to ill, by Times blind Error
The good is turn'd for all Times terror.
Ah, once without me none aspir'd,
For I in greatnes was requir'd;
Which as it strucd me to gaine,
So downe on it the Heauens did raine
Showers of honor, that still greene,
Fragrant, and growing it was seene:
And then all such as me neglected
Could neuer rise, but were dejected.
But then I was so lou'd, that he
Was happy, which could follow me.
Sometimes my Studies were deuine,
Wherein deepe knowledge made me thine.
I was a Shepheard, and did keepe
Free from the Fox and Wolfe my Sheepe:
But now my Flocke is hir'd from me,
And Droanes sucke honey from the Bee.
Parnassus Mount I did frequent,
And with the sacred Muses spent

Labour,

Labour, and Time: they kind, and free
From their owne ſelues did giue to me.
But they their bleſt guifts, ſo deuin'd,
That onely they inricht the mind.
And poore my Body was; and when
I ſought reliefe for it of men,
My wants were laught at, made a ſcorne,
And I, in my diſtreſſe forlorne.
And ſtill I ſaw, and wept to ſee
How Fortune alwaies ran from me,
Who, with much Care and Labour, ſought her,
Whilſt thoſe that for her look'd not, caught her.
O 'tis decreed, for ſuch is Fate,
And ſuch a Schollers iniur'd ſtate.
I tedious Trauells did indure,
To make my vnderſtanding ſure,
And others woes haue ſeene and knowne,
That I might better ſhun mine owne:
Yea, forraigne Tongues and manners gain'd,
And deare Experience I obtain'd;
Yet, home-ſpun Clownes before me farre,
By Times abuſe preferred are.
When I returne from bloody warres,
With feebled Limbes, with wounds, and ſcarres,

Which, for but Truth, and Honors sake,
My prime of yeares did vndertake.
Yet if with odious want distrest,
So slighted, and so vnredrest,
It thoulands would inforce to sweare,
Desert must out of fashion weare:
And out of fashion, who'le respect it?
All will for fashions sake neglect it:
This Age is blind, it cannot see
The sweet Content lies hid in me.
It thinkes not how my Seruants haue,
Which follow'd me, now dead in Graue,
Still liuing honors, and lou'd Fame,
That both Posterity and name
Crownes with Obseruance and regard,
Such is Deserts allow'd Reward.
But Time and Error now contend,
My Dues and Rights from me to rend:
Preferment now from me is fled,
Which me as Husband once did wed;
And would not lend a glance to any
But onely Me: yet now to many
So common, like base Strumpets growne
That all for Coyne make them their owne.

And

And ſtill-ſought Oportunity,
My once preuailing friend, ô why
Doſt thou of help and fauour reaue me,
And me in my diſtreſſe thus leaue me?
I ne're did thee neglect, or euer
Did thee from my Achiuements ſeuer:
But begg'd thy happy aid. But ſure
Corruption now doth thee allure.
Thus am I wrong'd, diſgrac'd, defam'd,
And yet the world is not aſham'd
To ſee how moſt vniuſtly I
The aime am made of iniury.
Yet I ne're ſham'd, or wrongd this Land,
But for her honors firme doe ſtand:
I ne're did ſeeke to waſt her ſtore,
But was the meane to make it more.
I ne're was falſe, fond, or vniuſt,
I ne're with ſelfe-conſuming Luſt,
Was to my Country blot, or ſtaine,
Nor Fame on me had cauſe to plaine.
No miſchiefe I did act, or plot,
And States abuſer I am not:
No Innocent I ere accus'd,
And no iniuſtice euer vs'd.

I ne're with bribes was hir'd, or bought,
Nor I Authority e're brought
Deserdlesly to least disgrace,
By wronging her most sacred place.
Nor am I plague of State, or power,
And yet my Starres on me doe lower.
I no blaspheming Roarer was,
No Bruers beast, good-fellow-Asse.
No bragadochio-brauing-Mate,
No Swasher, no Repent-too-late:
No griefe of Reason, Ape of pride,
No shadow, but a substance tride.
O! I was neuer ought that's vile,
Nor any euer did beguile.
I was plaine-dealing, and did fly
All causes of indignity:
I was not pitch that still defiles
The toucher, I was free from guiles.
My followers yet could neuer say,
I lead them wrong, or to decay.
Yet at the loweſt Ebbe am I
Of Want, and scorned misery.
O! tis my Fate, I may not thriue,
Or bring home honey to the hiue.

And why? I am not eminent,
Nor Princes Palaces frequent:
Nor am I complementall matter,
But hate to temporiſe and flatter.
I am not like the Apes of Time,
That often for a downefall climbe;
I reſt content, and ſtriue t'auoid
Ambition, that is ſtill imploid
In her owne ruine; and doth gaine
Nothing but trouble for her paine.
For ſhadowes I doe neuer ſtriue,
But am alaſſe too good to thriue.
I coſen none, nor haue deceits,
Nor can I fiſh with golden baites:
With golden baites, that too too much
Inſnare all thoſe, that them but touch.
And right, or wrong are ſought for, when
They draw like Loadſtones Iron-men,
They doe corrupt, and alwaies where
Man goes, he findes Corruption there:
For wer't not ſo; and if exil'd
Were fauour, that alaſſe doth ſhield
Deſertleſſe Vpſtarts; onely rais'd
That greatneſſe might not ſtill be prais'd;

Then

Then well-deseruers well regarded
Would be; the ill, as ill rewarded.
And men in nought, but doing well
Would striue each other to excell,
And in mine ancient honors I
Should be installd, and mount on high.
I Time obscurely should not spend,
But whom I serue should me attend,
And Ignorance should neuer bring
Desert to be her Vnderling:
Her vnderling that stan.eth low,
Like obscure Shrubs; yet when winds blow
Are safe, whilest euery stormy gale
Shakes lofty Cedars till they fall.
Then Worldlings come, and loue, and try,
My blisse: I giue se.urity
To all my Creditors; that neuer
Desert shall faile, till Time disseuer
Iustice, and Man: and Wisdome power
Wants; while the Heauens for it lower.
And thou Occasion g.aunt thus much,
I may no more thy baldnesse touch;
O let me come before, that I
May but thy lucky fore-locke spy,

And

And I'le catch at it faſt; if not
(As now) let me be ſtill forgot.
And come you mentall Vertues all
Saue me, leſt you your ſelues doe fall:
You are defended, you reuiue
Onely, by keeping me aliue.
And *ALBION* to thee I cry,
Saue me for thy neceſſity.
And Greatneſſe doe thou fauour me,
Then I againe my friends ſhall ſee.
Thou mak'ſt, or marr'ſt, then grace me ſo,
That I for thee may greater grow:
But if thou ſlightſt me, and deny
To doe me right; know I muſt dye,
That all the Land may mourne for me,
That, ſeruilizd, firſt made it free.
Thus ſaid, and being not imploid
In ought, that might dead Sleepe avoid
Forthwith a Drouſie ſlumber ſeiz'd
His ſenſes, and his moanes appeas'd,
And, as of Mans ſociety
The ſlighted outcaſt he did lye.
When, loe, a Virgin did ariſe
From Earth; whom neuer mortall Eies

Beheld;

Deſerts Complaint.

Beheld; or was by memory
Recorded, to be noted by:
Thought knew her not, ſhe could be found
No where, till now, but vnder ground.
OBLIVION was her diſmall name,
Whom all the World may iuſtly blame:
For, ſoone ſhe laid (ô dire miſhap!)
Deſert vpon her ſable lap.
There ſhe (alaſſe) in ſilent ſleep
Him from the blinded world doth keep.
But ſtay, awake, awake Deſert!
We cannot ſay thou onely wert.
We dare not thinke ſo, and much leſſe,
Belieue we are in ſuch diſtreſſe:
Except we with conceipt would all
Deſpaire, and hopeleſſe with thee fall.
But aged Heauens in their care
To vs and thee more gratious are:
For thou art not of all friends reft,
Nor maiſt thou of thy friends be left.
He that the Scepter of this land
Doth ſway, and nought but right command,
Hath place, and being for thee; where
He thee and thine expects; and there

Thy

Thy followers are onely plac'd:
And onely by him for thee grac'd.
And though ſome ſhameleſſe doe intrude,
Which neuer were with thee indude:
Know that the glorious Sunne diſplaies
On all things his reuiuing Raies:
And to each Creature which doth liue,
He the beſt nouriſhment doth giue,
He ſhines vpon the ſweeteſt flowers,
Which flouriſh in the choiſeſt bowers:
Yet he alaſſe, can ſhine no where,
But lurking weeds will ſtart vp there.
Thou then Deſert art not forlorne,
Though weeds ſometimes o'regrowne the Corne.

FINIS.

BRITISH
5 00 70
MUSEUM

A DIALOGVE of a womans Properties, betweene an old man *and a young.*

Old Man.

IF gray Experience may deserue beliefe,
Ile tell what Women are; (although with griefe.)
They and their beauties are so vaine and fraile,
That with their dearest friends they most doe faile.
And their quaint Trickes doe so our Iudgements blind,
Their guiles we neuer see, yet euer finde.

Young Man.

Muſt you ſo hardly 'gainſt faire women ſpeake,
Becauſe (alaſſe) their gentle ſex is weake,
Feele not their frailties burden they, vnleſſe
We them vpbraid with their vnhappineſſe? (many:
And though they haue ſome poore ſhifts, men haue
And too much would deceaue them without any.

Old Man.

Woman to ſhew, what ſhe would be, at firſt
Made by her frailty, all the world accurſt.
And that by her (ſure 'tis by Fate concluded)
Man ſhalbe euer, as at firſt, deluded.
Then would all-ſeeing Heauen, did but allot
That onely man might be, and woman not.

For

a Womans Properties.

Young Man.

For what she did, grieue more, then blame. Alasse,
His fatall subtilty, by which she was
Vnhappily beguil'd was such, that she
By it, if man by her, soone 'guil'd might be.
Yet Heauen this priuiledge doth women giue,
The world without them stands not, nor men liue.

Old Man.

Yea, woman still remaines our fatall curse,
And will all Vanities for euer nurse:
She rebell is to reason; yet in wiles
So witty, that she wisest men beguiles.
For she is such a strange bewitching thing
Man must her honey haue, though with't a sting.

Young Man.

To be our helpes they are, and we doe finde,
Beauty hath made them louely, Nature kinde;
And Vertue being female cannot chuſe
But ſacred guiſts in her owne Sex infuſe:
And their faults cannot be ſo much their owne,
As tempting mans, if all were rightly knowne.

Old Man.

To gaine their owne wils, pleaſingly they flatter,
To gather looſe loue, they light lookes can ſcatter:
O! they to ruine ſweetly can allure,
And are as luſtfull, as in loue vnſure.
For where may now *Penelope* be found,
That chaſt was tempted? ſhe is vnder ground.

a Womans Properties.

Young Man.

She was; and being gone, we ſtill haue new
Which are, diſpight all falſe ſeducements, true.
And know this pretty family of Loue
Are in affection as the turtle Doue.
Neuer alone, but with vs, and about vs,
And out of queſtion dye they would without vs.

Old Man.

They ſport, and toy, diſſemble, craue, and faine:
Then frowne, then rage, then hate, and then diſdaine.
And can ſeeme kinde, where moſt vnkind they proue;
Yet ſeld or neuer know whom beſt they loue:
For though they chance with their owne choice to wed,
Yet *Venus* muſt haue *Mars* in *Vulcans* Bed.

Yong Man.

Would they were flinty, or remorcelesse, then
They ne're would vndergoe the wrongs of men.
Nor let their Fame be iniured by those,
In whom they confidence, and trust repose.
But they believe so well, and are so kind
Men easily these yeelding soules doe blind.

Old Man.

Indeed they blinded are, and ne're will see
If as many priuiledge for looselesse be:
And many are so out of season kind
That ere halfe ripe, we them doe rotten find,
And yet they haue such men inchanting features,
That men must loue them. O bewitching creatures!

How

a Womans Properties.

Young Man.

How we, ſith they the weaker Veſſels are,
To tirannize no forged ſlanders ſpare.
And yet (ſo charitable is their loue)
They cannot from vs their affections moue.
Then leaue, if not for ſhame, for pitty, thus
To wrong them, if they erre, it is for vs.

Old Man.

Although they ſeeme vs onely to affect,
'Tis their content, not ours, that they reſpect:
They for their owne ends cunningly can faine,
And though they haue't by nature, yet theile ſtraine.
Sure if on Earth by wiles gain'd might be bluſſe,
Straight that I were a woman I would wiſh.

Yong Man.

Alaſſe from ſubtilty ſo farre they are
That men (too eaſily) doe them inſnare:
And if they wiles haue; we too often ſee,
They but their gentle ſelues to coſen be.
But they would all be ſpotleſſe, did men leaue
Their pittying hearts with talkehood to deceaue.

Old Man.

They are ſo fond, that being flatter'd, will
Content to their owne Infamy and ill,
And ſecrets vnduti'edly reueale,
And not ſo much as their owne thoughts conceale.
Yet they though flattrings doe beguile them ſtill,
Their flatterers make Fooles, and euer will.

When

Young Man.

When men faire ſpeeches vſe, but to deceaue,
Wiſe women them of their intents bereaue:
And thoſe which nought ſuſpect, they doe inſnare,
And ſuch ſtill wrong'd for well-beleiuing are.
Yet men ſo ſhameleſſe be, that for the ſame
Whereof themſelues are cauſe; they women blame.

Old Man.

Women, when as they liſt, denialls haue;
Yea oft when to betray themſelues they craue.
For where's the *Phœnix*, or the fable Swan,
Mirror of women, wonder vnto Man,
But change of paſture greedy is to try,
And of ſtolne Sin, craues ſtill Variety.

Sith,

Young Man.

Sith thou art wither'd, and thy blood is cold,
And hast no priuiledge to loue, being old,
Thy doating weakenes enuies those that may,
Allow'd by youth, with louely *Venus* play.
But do not hinder them of licene'd Time,
Since 'tis but short, and naturall the Crime.

Old Man.

How counterfeit delights doe blind the Sense
Of such as dare with Folly to dispence!
Ah I doe know, which would I neuer had
Women are all, (I feare to say how) bad.
What iustly men deserue that them believe;
The very thought thereof doth make me grieue.

Speake

Young Man.

Speake on; and if their tempted faults be knowne
To be leſſe mans prouoking then their owne;
Ile yeeld: and euen blame them cauſe I ſee
They ſo full of delight, and beauty be.
And all aduantage of their weakeneſſe take;
But then my ſelfe hard hearted I muſt make.

Old Man.

Like Crocodiles they moue deſtroying pitty:
They tune like Syrens a ſweet baneſull ditty:
And are forgetfully of ſome commended,
Onely with their looſe frailty to be friended.
And their laſciuious ſex haue carefull beene
But in this onely, to commit vnſeene.

If

Young Man.

Sith thou art wither'd, and thy blood is cold,
And haſt no priuiledge to loue, being old,
Thy doating weakenes enuies thoſe that may,
Allow'd by youth, with louely *Venus* play.
But do not hinder them of licenc'd Time,
Since 'tis but ſhort, and naturall the Crime.

Old Man.

How counterfeit delights doe blind the Senſe
Of ſuch as dare with Folly to diſpence!
Ah I doe know, which would I neuer had
Women are all, (I feare to ſay how) bad.
What iuſtly men deſerue that them believe;
The very thought thereof doth make me grieue.

Speake

Young Man.

Speake on; and if their tempted faults be knowne
To be leſſe mans prouoking then their owne;
Ile yeeld: and euen blame them cauſe I ſee
They ſo full of delight, and beauty be.
And all aduantage of their weakeneſſe take;
But then my ſelfe hard hearted I muſt make.

Old Man.

Like Crocodiles they moue deſtroying pitty;
They tune like Syrens a ſweet baneſull ditty:
And are forgetfully of ſome commended,
Onely with their looſe frailty to be friended.
And their laſcinious ſex haue carefull beene
But in this onely, to commit vnſeene.

If

Young Man.

If that ſome one of them doe tread awry;
Muſt all be naught? ô iudge it Charity.
But ſince man-kind is ſubiect to be tempted,
Then from this Croſſe they cannot be exempted.
Yet oftentimes, (ſuch abſtinence they haue)
They can refuſe, what in their hearts they craue.

Old Man.

Thou art a woman ſure diſguis'd; if not,
Nature that thou ſhoul'dſt be one did allot:
And then ſome Hagge, that once, one man might be
That ſpake of women well, hath thus chang'd thee.
Elſe when for ſuch knowne miſchiefes I them blame,
Thou ne're wouldſt ſpeak, but hold thy peace for ſhame

All

Young Man.

All know(vnsufferable Man)they are
For beauty and delight beyond compare.
For conference so full of pleasing wit,
For vse so necessary, and so fit,
That man without them,can by no meanes be,
Nor euer will,if he be rul'd by me.

Old Man.

Nay sure these necessary harmes were fram'd
That man, as too too heedlesse might be blam'd.
His weaknesse cannot greatest weaknesse fly,
In her strong-drawing fraile society.
Then happy they,that know what women are,
But happier, which to know them neuer care.

Young Man.

Old Father, Ile no more with thee contend,
But muſt confeſſe, as we, ſo they offend.
Many of them are good, and many ill,
Yet all in this erre, all muſt haue their will.
But for your part, doe you the ſtrife here end,
And for my pray I'le pray they may amend.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO MY WORthy, and ingenious Friend, Mr. Arthur Newman, on his fore-sayd Booke.

NEWMAN, to praise thee to thy face, were not
Friendship, but flattery. T' auoyde which Blot,
My tardy Verse is placed at the end
Of all thy Booke: (as if I did commend
Thee dead, or absent.) Yet, if this my Verse
Had come Before, not Ouer-tane the Presse,
I had hung (such is thy prouoking worth)
My Bayes vp, with the rest, to set thee forth.
For, this I prophecy: Thine early Fame
Shall (oldly) proue as New, as (now) thy Name.

Ad Eundem.

QVisq; Nouo, Veteri nullus blanditur amico,
Te (mihi qui Nouus es nomine, fronte simul)
Mirror, et inuideo. Tibi non (hoc) blanditur ipse:
Cum sic inuidiâ Carmina digna tua.

G. Parre, in Art: Mag. Oxo

PLEASVRES VISION:

WITH

DESERTS COMPLAINT,

AND

A SHORT DIALOGVE of a Womans Properties, betweene an old Man and a Young.

BY

ARTHVR NEWMAN of the *Middle Temple* Gent:

LONDON,
Printed by *G. E.* for *Thomas Bayly*, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Middle-row in Holbourne neere Staple Iane.
1619.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL, AND truely Worthy, Sir *George Newman Knight.*

I Haue aduentured this meane worke to your learned Cenſure, onely with a longing deſire to make my loue to you legible: and I was the more incouraged, in that I knew you would read with Patience; for I aſſure my ſelfe you will forget no Vertue. Yet ſince I expect for but a bewraying witneſſe of mine idle houres, ſo great a priuiledge as your graue Patronage, I muſt acknowledge my ſelfe guilty of inex-

cuſable preſumption, that ſo the confeſſion of my fault may plead for ſome fauour, although not altogether for pardon. I can ſay little for my ſelfe but this, that if I haue here done amiſſe, I promiſe all my endeuours for amendment hereafter. In the meane time I wiſh I had done better, and more for your ſake, then myne owne. For I honour your worth, and account it a happineſſe to preſerue your Loue.

Vnfainedly yours,

ARTHVR NEVVMAN.

TO THE READER.

I, halfe inforst to bring to light
This petty Worke, first done for Night,
That so, I in forgetfull Sleep
Might it vnseene for euer keepe:
Yet now it wakes; abroad it goes;
And, if in stead of friends, with foes
It chance to meete, who ere they be,
Iudge how they will; all's one to me:
For Reader know, what of thee I
Here aske, thou shalt not me deny;
For, thou must well, or ill, or neither
Censure of me: and pray doe either.

A. N.

TO THE MOST *vnderſtanding Gentleman the Author.*

YOu gaue me leaue (good Sir) to read your Booke,
Then giue me leaue to ſpeak my thoughts; & looke
Not to be flatterd: for I know thus much,
Your Booke paints flatterers: I am no ſuch.
To giue your worth, worths true deſert, and praiſe,
(You know) is not the faſhion in theſe daies.
To praiſe you (Sir) as commonly men vſe,
To praiſe thoſe Women they meane to abuſe,
Were, that you doe deſcribe, for me to be:
But I am none of theſe, but onely He
That can loue Pleaſure, and (with feare) Deſert,
And honeſt Women too, with all my heart.
And I muſt loue you too, before theſe farre,
For you haue told me, what all theſe things are:
And your diſcourſe of women none can blame,
You are a Foe to none, but womens ſhame.

The Louer of your Deſert

MARCHADINE HVNNIS.

TO HIS INGE-
nuous Friend the Au-
thor of his ingenious Booke.

MVch in thy Pleaſures Viſion all may ſee,
To pleaſe their Muſe; then 'twere a ſhame to all,
Thy great deſert ſhould vnrewarded, be
Forſt to complaine: but that it neuer ſhall:
The wits forbid! what, ſhould a Muſe ſo young,
So hopefull, greene in yeares, but ripe in Wit
Goe naked to the preſſe, without a ſong
Painting her forth in colours apte and fit?
It cannot be; and though I haue no braine
To giue thy true deſert true commendation,
Or with ſtrain'd Epithites t'extoll thy ſtraine,
Yet for thy loue Ile make this Inuocation:
Liue may the Muſe from whence theſe fruits do ſpring,
And let *Appollo's* Darlings thy prayſe ſing.

Io: COOKER

ON HIS VVOR-
thy Friend the
Author.

Like to thy modeſt ſelfe, thy happy veine,
Is vnaffected; and thy pleaſing ſtraine
Is ſuch, I know not which, in it moſt dwells,
Wiſdome, or Wit, it ſo in both excells.

T: More.

AD AMICVM

suum omni laude et obseruantia dignissimum

AR: NEWMAN.

NOui te tenerum, noui iuuenilibus annis
cùm vox iucundi plena leporis erat,
Et dixi de te mihi semper, Apolline certe
dignus eris: nec mens hæc mihi vana fuit,
Ecce Caballino sitis est nunc fonte leuata:
pocula Castalijs nunc saturantur aquis,
Digna trophæa feres, cingent tua tempora lauri
et patria est meritis grata futura tuis.

PE: LOWER

PLEASVRES VISION.

VVHen, in the Confines of the ſilent Night
Refreſhing *Sleep* ſeiſd on each wearied wight
And did, with gentle Slumbers, and ſoft Eaſe,
The raging Motions of ſad Care appeaſe;
Huſht were the moanes of haples wights oppreſt:
And harmeles thoughts were lull'd in pleaſant Reſt:
Now, bad, vnquiet, and pernitious minds
Surceaſd to plot their dangerous Deſignes:
Now, ſtill'd was Striſe, and troubleſome Debate,
And pining Enuy, now forgot to hate:
And darkneſſe raign'd, that harmeles Sleepe might be
Hid from the Troubles which the Light doth ſee:
And, in the Bed whereon my ſelfe was laid,
There, drouſie Slumbers, for their Lodging ſtaid:
But me of Reſt, deluding *Morpheus* 'reau'd;
And, in a Dreame my Senſes ſo deceau'd
That, as awak't, I ſaw, or ſeem'd to ſee:
A perfect Man, or Gallant, one was he:
But by the ſtrangenes of his outward ſhow
He ſeem'd the laſt, and he was doubtles ſo.

Light

Pleaſures Viſion.

Light was his cariage, and his Gate affected,/
Gay his attire, and manly Shape neglected:
For like a nice Dame that doth Pride affect,
He with vnmanlike Curiouſneſſe was deck:
In Nations of diſguiſes he was clad,
And euery Limbe a ſeuerall faſhion had:
And euer on himſelfe he fondly gas'd,
As, with the ſtrangeneſſe of himſelfe amas'd:
And on himſelfe enamoured was he,
As commonly Fantaſtiques vſe to be.
His vnpremeditated words, like wind
Were light, and bluſtring, and bewraid his minde:
Vnconſtant, and ſtill wandring were his lookes,
And, in his face, as in laſciuious bookes
Whole Stories you of lightneſſe might haue read;
For there, it wantonly inhabited,
Yet he, of Natures beſt guifts, plenty had:
And pitty 'twas they were beſtow'd ſo bad,
For thoſe faire Eyes which lewdnes ſo proclaim'd,
Nature at firſt for ornament ordain'd:
For ſhe had done her part, and ſet him forth,
With liuely Shape, and outward ſignes of worth;
And Hope at firſt ſaid, this faire ſeeming Inne
Had no ill gueſts that harboured within.

His

His lightnes was not Natures fault, ô no,
It was his mind that thoſe parts iniur'd ſo:
Then Nature, ſince thy bounty wrong'd hath beene,
In ſuch againe let it no more be ſeene.
His youthfull yeares did flowriſh in their prime;
And luſty health, chear'd vp his lookes: and Time
On his vntamed will did ſeeme t'attend,
As though to him a Seruant, and a friend.
Swift Time, that it might be by him well vs'd,
Oft ſhew'd, that where it idly was abus'd,
There it muſt vaniſh, and ne're come againe,
But oft be call'd, and cride for backe, in vaine:
And Fortune looking on him, ſmooth'd her Brow,
And plai'd the Prodigall that he might know
She hath no bounds to limit her great power,
But where ſhe ſmiles, ſhe cloies; yet if ſhe lower,
Then, acts a Miſery beyond beliefe:
And as ſhe fills with ioy, ſo kills with griefe.
Then Beauties deckt with Nature, and with Art,
Did all their ſweets to his deſires impart,
They freely opened to compleate his pleaſure,
Their all-alluring, and commanding treaſure.
Some had ſuch tempting lookes, and Angell-features
That, but I ſaw their frailty, heauenly Creatures

Pleaſures Viſion.

I them had deem'd: they power had to allure
(Without great prouidence) holy, and pure.
And ſure there is no man (as I believe)
That can behold ſuch erre but he muſt grieue.
Others there were, and of an other kind
Which alſo fancied his luſtfull mind.
Some meanely faire, ſome foule, others their feature
With Art did helpe, in ſpight, and ſcorne of Nature.
With thoſe he wanton'd for variety;
(For all, inſatiable Luſt muſt try.)
Thus ſlept he in this Dreame of falſe delight,
Still acting ſhamefull deeds, of ſhameles Night;
And waſting Plenty, as with Spoyle compounded
In lauiſhing, and all Exceſſe abounded:
Banquets were Surfeits, and were nere without
Healths of abuſed Wine ſtill quaft about.
He in the ſpoyle of honeſt thrift did flow;
And none (alas) ſaid, this ſhould not be ſo.
His Eares were ſtopt when was blam'd by Fame,
And ſome to adde more fuell to his flame
Falſly proteſted, pitty 'twas that he
Might not ſome King, or mighty Monarch be:
And to ſuch height his bounty did aduance,
" That he to his owne muſicke ſeem'd to dance.

None

Pleaſures Viſion.

None there diſtinguiſht Liberality
From all-conſuming Prodigality:
For pledges of their loue, they ſmooth words pawn'd,
And iuſt like dirty dogges vpon him fawn'd,
That leaue no loue ſigne but offenſiue Mire.
Others there were, to humor his deſire,
That ſtill with new-found Sports his fancy fed,
And him from pleaſure vnto pleaſure led,
They had the Art, and onely trickes to ſtray
With all deuiſes tending to decay.
And, what he lik't, or loathed, none gainſaid,
But good, or bad, his will was ſtill obaid,
Baſe ſeruile minds euen ouer-humor'd him,
Whilſt he in Seas of fleeting ioyes did ſwim.
The vncontrolled life he did commend,
And deareſt deem'd his humor-feeding friend:
And ſtill, Vice-punithing Authority,
He, (outlaw-like) would ſlight; and brauing try
Deſperate Exploits; to ſhew he nought did feare,
Nor yet his humor could, or would forbeare.
And ſuch as he was, were his company,
That ready alwaies were for Villany.
No care, or griefe did harbour neare his heart,
No croſſe did from his Iollity him part.

Pleasures Vision.

No want of Pleasure, Liberty, or Ease
Did his contentments any way displease;
For, all delights which might each Sense content,
By Vanity her selfe to him were lent.
But ah, extreames can ne're indure, and Meate
That is most sweet with sowrest Sauce we eate:
For, in a moment all this vanished,
And he himselfe stood strangely altered:
For, whereas once he seem'd a blooming Spring,
O're-filld with plenty of each pleasing thing:
Now feeble Age, and now disdained want,
Seem'd in his lookes their dwelling seates to plant.
His Eies waxt hollow, lookes leane, cold his heates,
And care had folded vp his browes in pleates,
He rent his haire, his face hee bath'd in teares,
For pretious Time misspent in youthfull yeares:
And, as chiefe Causes of his misery,
On pleasures past exclaimed bitterly:
For calling them to mind, he ten times more
Did execrate his Fortune, then before.
Many past by, and laught his woes to scorne:
And some did pitty, seeing him so forlorne.
Yet, former friends, but like his shaddow were
That follow'd him in Sun-shine euery where;

But,

But, when a Storme of Trouble commeth on,
They ſoone fall off; and like to ſhades are gone:
Yea, each thing elſe, that he eſteemed deare,
But to augment his anguiſh did appeare.
And, all the flatt'ring Hopes he erſt poſſeſt,
Forſooke him quite, and he was quite diſtreſt.
Theſe alterations ſeem'd to me ſo ſtrange,
That I inqtir'd the Cauſe of all this change.
Whereat his heauy Eies on me he bent,
Through ſtreames of Teares, made thick with languiſh-ment,
And, bid me lend his words attentiue eare,
That in my heart I might them better beare.
Silent was; when, loe, this ruthfull Man,
With Sighs, and Sobs, his ſpeaches thus began.
In prime of luſty head, when youthfull Spleene,
Had ne're the wiles and guiles of Pleaſure ſeene.
Nor dreampt, how pretious is ſwift winged Time,
Which, as it flees, our Fortunes fall, and climbe:
Nor yet, by others harmes once taking heed,
But wild delights did wandring Senſes feed:
Then, my vaine will vntam'd, vntutored,
Left Reaſons Rule, and roau'd as fancy led:
Like to a loſt Sheepe, from his Shepheard ſtraid,
Running to wracke without his Keepers aid.

Pleasures Vision.

I ne're my owne affections did controule,
For they commanded all within my Soule:
Nor I regarded future good, or ill,
Nor had of Pleasure till my fall, my fill.
I did amisse; and now with griefe may say,
Onely for that, I threw my selfe away:
Yet blinded, no familiar dangers knew,
That waited on me; nor till I did rew,
Perceiu'd that woe on pleasure did attend,
Which contraries, (too oft) in one doe end.
O! so my thoughts with pleasures spells were charm'd,
That they ore came me 'gainst their force vnarm'd:
For which, nought but Repentance yeelds reliefe,
And yet (alas) that adds but griefe to griefe:
Yet griefe for graceles nesse doth much relieue,
Because we ought for graceles nesse to grieue.
Friends I obai'd not, therefore they me leaue,
Pleasure I follow'd, that did me deceaue:
Fortune, and Time once gently on me smil'd,
I then mistaking both, my selfe beguild,
I Time mispent, and Fortune did neglect,
Therefore with cause they doe me now reiect.
I made the meanes, (for my good onely) lent,
By lauishing, of woe the Instrument.

And

And then braue Prodigall Vice ſtil'd my name,
Now therefore, Ruine, and the Map of ſhame:
And wherein I my ſelfe thought moſt ſecure,
I'me therein for myne Errot moſt vnſure.
If man himſelfe can promiſe ought; 'tis this,
That what he aimes at moſt, he moſt ſhall miſſe,
For worldly certainty is but a thought,
And ſo it vaniſheth, and turnes to nought.
O! of all Creatures breathing vitall Aire,
Man, of his wauering fate may moſt deſpaire:
For, there's no danger, miſery, nor Care,
But therein deſtin'd is to him a ſhare.
And his beſt earthly bliſſe no longer laſts,
Then Vapors doe, in whirling windy blaſts:
If rich, or poore, a Begger, or a King,
His Roſe hath prickes, his honey hath a Sting:
His comick-mirth is mixt with tragicke woes,
And Ebbs inſue when moſt he ouerfloes:
He like the Moone may not at full remaine,
But (like her) changing ſtill, muſt wax, and waine;
He, onely he, is nought but fortunes ſport,
The ſpoyle of Time, and place where Cares reſort,
The plant that 'midſt great heate, and moiſture grow'th,
Now greene, now parcht, now at a ſtay, 'twixt both.

Pleaſures Viſion.

The very wheele which Fortune turneth ſtill
Is Man; for him ſhe turnes which way ſhe will:
He ſeemes of Change a Character, or Map;
Or what is ſtill moſt ſubiect to miſhap.
Or like a Ship, whoſe Pilot wanting skill,
(Though far from Rockes) in doubt, and danger ſtill:
For here, and there, the Fortunes of Man-kind,
Are blowne, and toſt like Ships in ſtorming wind:
What's paſt, and preſent is the moſt that can
By all allowed Art be knowne by Man:
But, what inſuing Fate may, or will be,
Till paſt preuention he can neuer ſee;
Nor yet know when, or where good hap, or ill
May raiſe, or caſt him to the Dale, or Hill.
He can but gueſſe at moſt, and who doth ſo,
He nothing truly, but by gueſſe ſhall know:
For what of him the Deſtinies decree,
Becauſe hee's Man, vnknowne muſt euer be.
Then let not him preſume that's fortunate,
Since ſtill vncertaine is his doubtfull ſtate,
Since Pleaſures Syrens are, that Ruine ſing;
Since Fortunes great doe great misfortunes bring;
Since there's no Earthly welfare or delight,
That with the Morne doth riſe, but ſets ere Night.

And

And why through dangers, reſtles cares, and paine,
Should man attempt fraile honors to obtaine?
When got, his puft-vp thoughts ſo vainely range,
That, what they are, and ô! how ſoone they change,
He cannot thinke: for with a thought they vary,
So, hopes to hold thoſe haps which cannot tarry.
And who ſees not, that to none other end
Fortune doth oft to Man her fauours lend,
But, on poore him her Tiranny to try,
And laugh to ſee him for her liue, and dye.
For, when in greateſt height of beſt delight,
In thought ſecure, in honors ſhining bright;
When rockt, and lul'd in Pleaſures charming lap,
Scorning to thinke that ought can breed miſhap,
Fortune, to ſhew her euer-changing power,
Turnes in a Moment, all his ſweet to ſower,
And from thoſe deſtin'd Ills, ô how ſhall he
Poore ſeruile bondman manumiſed be?
To whom ſhall he appeale? or who hath power?
I'ſt angry Heauen? Fates? Starres? or ſome thing lower?
Yea, 'tis himſelfe; for he was fram'd by *Ioue*,
To be all other Creatures far aboue,
Next to his euer-great all-ſeeing Maker,
Of wiſdome, and ſafe prouidence partaker.